

# THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR

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By PETER B. KYNE

Read This Gripping Story by "The Kindred of the Dust," Told in Motion Pictures, Loew's Palace Beginning Sunday.

This great story has been created into a wonderful photograph by Cosmopolitan Productions, direction of Frank Borzage, and featuring Forest Stanley and Marjorie Daw. It is a Paramount picture.

FOR a long time neither spoke; then, while his glance still appraised the horses, Don Mike stiffened a thumb and drove it with considerable force into Pablo's ancient ribs. Carolina, engaged in hanging out the Parker wash in the yard of her casa, observed Don Mike bestow this infrequent accolade of approbation and affection, and her heart swelled with pride. Ah, yes; it was good to have the child back on the rancho again.

Carolina and Pablo had never heard that the ravens fed Elijah; they had never heard of Elijah. Nevertheless, if they had, they would not have envied him the friendship of those divinely directed birds, for the Farrels had always fed Pablo and Carolina and their numerous brood, now raised and scattered over the countryside. At sight of that prod in the ribs, Carolina dismissed forever a worry that had troubled her vaguely during the period between old Don Miguel's death and the return of young Don Miguel—the fear that a lifetime of ease and plenty had ended. Presently, she lifted a falsetto voice in a Spanish love song two centuries old.

I await the morrow, Nina mia.

I await the morrow, all through the night.

For the entrancing music and dancing

With thee, my songbird, my heart's delight.

Come dance, my Nina, in thy mantilla.

Think of our love and do not say no;

Hasten then my treasure, grant me this pleasure.

Dance then tomorrow the bolero!

Over at the corral, Pablo rolled a cigarette, lighted it, and permitted a thin film of smoke to trickle through his nostrils. He, too, was content.

"Carolina," he remarked presently, in English, "is happy to beat hell."

"I haven't any right to be, but,

for some unknown reason, I'm feeling gay myself," his master replied.

He started toward the harness room to get the saddle for Panchito, and Pablo lingered a moment at the fence, gazing after him curiously. Could it be possible that Don Miguel Jose Maria Federico Noriega Farrel had, while sojourning in the cold land of the bewhiskered men, lost a modicum of that particularly with women which had formerly distinguished him in the eyes of his humble retainers?

"Dapin my soul eef I don't know something!" Pablo muttered, and followed for a saddle for the gray gelding.

XIX.

When the Parkers emerged from the hacienda, they found Don Mike and Pablo holding the horses and waiting for them. Kay wore a beautifully tailored riding habit of dark unfinished material, shot with a faint admixture of gray; her boots were of shining black undressed leather, and she wore a pair of little silver-mounted spurs, the sight of which caused Pablo to exchange sage winks with his master. Her white pique stock was fastened by an exquisite little cameo stickpin; from under the brim of a black beaver sailor hat, set well down on her head, her wistful brown eyes looked up at Don Mike, and caught the quick glance of approval with which he appraised her, before turning to her mother.

"The black mare for you, Mrs. Parker," he suggested. "She's a regular old sweetheart and single-fogots beautifully. I think you'll find that stock saddle a far more comfortable seat than the saddle Miss Kay is using."

"I know I'm not as light and graceful as I used to be, Mike," the amiable soul answered him, "but it irks me to have men notice it. You might have given me an opportunity to decline Kay's saddle. There is such a thing as being too thoughtful, you know."

"Mother!" Kay cried reproachfully.

Don Mike blushed, even while he smiled his pleasure at the lady's banter. She observed this.

"You're a nice boy, Michael."



"Confound you, Farrel! You realized the possibilities of that basin, then?" Parker exclaimed. One of the scenes in the Cosmopolitan production coming to Loew's Palace tomorrow.

she murmured, for his ear alone.

"Why, you old-fashioned young rascal!"—as Don Mike stooped and held out his hand. She placed her left foot in it and was lifted lightly into the saddle.

When he had adjusted the stirrups to fit her, he turned to aid Kay, only to discover that the

gallant Panchito had already performed the honors for that young lady by squatting until she could reach the stirrup without difficulty.

Parker rode the gray horse, and Farrel had appropriated a pinto cow pony that Pablo used when liverying.

With the hounds questing ahead of them, the four jogged off like the San Gregorio, Don Mike leading the way, with Kay riding beside him. From time to time she stole a sidelong glance at him, apparently oblivious of her presence. She knew that he was not

in a mood to be entertaining today, to be a carefree squire of dames; his mind was busy grappling with problems that threatened not only him but everything in life that he had held to be worth while.

"Do we go through that gate?" the girl queried, pointing to a five-

Stranack recognize it? For myself, I am by no means confident of my powers to persuade her."

"I see," said Lady Doucester grimly. "You want me to tell her?"

"I thank you a thousand times for suggesting," said Theed. "In the interests of your son, in the interests of Mrs. Stranack herself, above all, in the interests of poor Jarroman—"

"You might as well say in the interests of myself," interrupted Lady Doucester, "for we both know that is what you mean."

At 10 o'clock the next morning Lady Doucester passed on to the departure platform of the Great Southern railway terminus. She was peculiarly long-sighted, and the figure of Theed, waiting beside the open door of a compartment, leaped instantly to her view. She drew herself even more erect and advanced to meet him.

By the time Theed had greeted her, installed her in a corner, placed himself opposite her, and made every necessary and unnecessary arrangement for their joint comfort, the train had begun to glide from the platform.

In the middle of Theed's third adjustment of the window Lady Doucester leaned back in her corner and closed her eyes.

Her life had been a full one, in a sense even an adventurous one, and on the whole the adventures had been worth while. This Lady Doucester attributed not so much to her cleverness as to her faculty of sweeping her mind clear of every disturbing detail and thinking.

In spite of this I invite her to once a week the same as before, but recently I have grown quite uneasy over her conduct and have begun to feel that it is a waste of time for me to see her, since the common understanding requisite for our association does not exist between us. I have thought about keeping away from her for a time, but I know this will disappoint her, and I do not wish to cause her this disappointment unless I have decided to break off. Kindly advise me what to do.

Oh, woman, in your hours of capricious, coy and hard to please."

Girls are queer animals, aren't they? Your girl has one of three things the matter with her—She is the moody girl in love, she is spoiled or she's a little fool. If it's for the first reason she acts queer at times you must have an understanding with her and clear up the fog of misunderstanding; if she's spoiled, keep away from her for a while; if she's a little fool, better leave her alone—she'd make the rest of your life miserable.

Still the cause may be deeper. After writing the above I passed down the hall to post a letter. Outside the French actress's own room I saw two empty green bottles labeled "Absinthe." The only drink of absinthe I ever took resulted in my giving a gold watch to a perfect stranger and a slight token of my own. A penny and a drink of absinthe would send any bell boy downtown to take a laugh at the mist.

Also I believe that it is purely a personal matter that the author of these daily trivialities is slipping up on his French.

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Struggle of the Last of An Ancient California Line to Save the Family Estate From the Hands of the Encroaching Japanese.

Farrel confirmed this verdict with a nod and opened the gate. They rode through. Kay waited for him to close the gate. He saw that she had been captivated by Panchito and as their glances met, his smile was a reflection of hers—a smile thoroughly and childishly happy.

"If you'd only sell him to me, Don Mike," she pleaded. "I'll give you a ruinous price for him."

"He is not for sale, Miss Kay."

"But you were going to give him away to your late battery commander?"

He held up his right hand with the red scar on the back of it, but made no further reply.

"Why will you not sell him to me?" she pleaded. "I want him so."

"I love him," he answered at that, "and I could only part with him—for love. Some day, I may give him to somebody worthy while, but for the present I think I shall be selfish and continue to own him. He's a big, powerful animal, and if he can carry weight in a long race, he's fast enough to make me some money."

"Let me ride him in the tryout," she pleaded. "I weigh just a hundred and twenty."

"Very well. Tomorrow I'll hitch up a work team and I'll kick the heart out of our old race-track—oh, yes, we have such a thing!"—in reply to her lifted brows. "My grandfather, Mike, induced my great-grandfather, Noriega, to build it way back in the 'forties. The Indians and vaqueros used to run scrub races in those days—in fact, it was their main pastime."

"Where is this old race-track?"

"Down in the valley. A fringe of oaks hides it. It's grass-grown and it hasn't been used in twenty-five years, except, when the Indians in this part of the country forage in the valley occasionally and pull off some scrub races."

"How soon can we put it in commission?" she demanded eagerly.

"I'll disk it tomorrow. The ground is soft now, after this recent rain. Then I'll harrow it well and run a culti-packer over it—well, by the end of the week it ought to be a fairly fast track."

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## NEW YORK CITY Day by Day

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Dec. 29. It is a discriminating buying public that has suddenly come to the fore in Manhattan. "Bargain-wise" the shopkeepers call them. They buy but their attitude is of a "show me" variety. They follow the Silk Shirt Era and are extremely skittish.

At the smartest haberdashery on the avenue the prices have suddenly dropped. The \$6 scarf is now \$3.50. The patronage consisted mainly of those with large means. They came in to look but went away saying they'd wait until prices were lowered.

This indicates that the revolt against high prices is not confined to the so-called middle classes. A man's hat shop where prices ranged from \$10 to \$14 has scaled the price to \$7.50 for their best models. "We found that many customers were wearing last year's hats," the proprietor said.

Perhaps the most conclusive evidence of carelessness in buying is to be found in Wall street where scores of brokerage houses have closed. The majority of these concerns depended on the sale of doubtful securities for revenue.

Theatrical productions that would have made money three years ago linger for only a few days and "flop." Movies must be unusually good to attract. The standard picture meets a chilly reception.

After all it is apparent that despite trick intelligence tests the masses know what they are doing. Following the grand spurge they came up for air—with cool heads and clear brains.

They have struck out calmly for their money's worth and are doing it without the fanfare of overall parades and buyers' strikes. In a large department store recently prices were slightly reduced in every department. The business was 40 per cent larger in volume than it has been for two years.

On the same floor of my hotel there resides a French actress who has come to conquer new worlds. If she presses a button the palm-itching myrmidons fly to her. She has not as yet mastered our currency and she gives us penny tips. I don't profess to understand the phenomenon but it is my guess that the servants expect a favorable reaction—and a shower of gold and greenbacks—when the actress discovers her terrible faux pas.

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## WHAT THEY SAY America and Mothers

PROF. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, of Yale—"The fact that many sober-minded persons loudly condemn the modern stage should cause no uneasiness to those familiar with the history of dramatic criticism. In successive centuries Ben Jonson and Richard Steele complained of the desertion of nature by the dramatists. I believe that at this moment the most promising form of literature all over the world is the drama. Not only is the air filled with signs of promise, but during the last thirty-five years more good dramas have been written in the English languages than in any preceding thirty-five years since the death of Shakespeare. I see no reason to look back or regret the development of the drama in America."

ARTHUR STRINGER, American writer—"People like to read of crime and criminals. In spite of the veneer of civilization, we have retained in our makeup certain criminal elements and these we like to take out for a vicarious airing. Our own place in society and our respect for the law restrain us from doing criminal things, but we down through history with the instincts of criminals. In our present coerced existence it delights us to think that some outlaw pictured in fiction can still defy defiance to the rules, but during the last thirty-five years more good dramas have been written in the English languages than in any preceding thirty-five years since the death of Shakespeare. I see no reason to look back or regret the development of the drama in America."

FORREST F. DRYDEN, president of the Prudential Life Insurance Co.—"Thrill is something that, if one is not born with an inclination toward it, must be cultivated at all costs. He who does not sacrifice to attain that appreciation of the value of money that is thrill, can never hope for anything but 'just living today.' The future to him is generally a hazy vision carefully avoided or a period of illusion—when the ship will come in. And the ship seldom comes in. Young people should be taught thrill in the school. Youth is always extravagant, more so than maturity. But unless the tendency to extravagance is curbed in youth it will cause untold misery in later years."

AROUND WASHINGTON by Marjorie

VELVET hats are being pushed from the front ranks of the millinery battalions to give way to capeaux of felt and straw, straw and taffeta and those of satin or ribbon. Hats make up two-thirds of your appearance, and you can appear at your best during this in-between season if you purchase a hat from Desmond on L street. There you will find hats in the new and approved shades, hats with unusual trimming, and hats with dash and charm.

AFTER-CHRISTMAS sales—the very sentence brings to mind wonderful bargains, special ways and means to spend Christmas checks and money saved for these yearly sales. And no better place could be found than at the J. M. Gidding Co. There you may find a pleasing collection of winter fashions. Gowns for day and night time, suits, sweaters, blouses and hats, furs and head dresses. Things with the stamp of Paris and at remarkable reductions. It is such a pleasant shop, whether you look or take advantage of the attractive prices.

BEGINNING January 1 Royal S. Copeland, the newly-elected Senator from New York, will write a series of health articles for The Washington Herald. For many years Dr. Copeland has been commissioner of health of New York City and is an authority on how to keep well.

PARIS, France. M OLYNEUX, newly sponsored in formal gowns for Paris evenings, and afternoon frocks for the south.

Rose-colored crepe georgette, in the gown draped on Grecian lines, is girlish with cloth of gold, and a close-fitting turban, for these have entered the formal evening mode, also is of the gold cloth.

THE French flair for corcades is quite pronounced this season, so that in a slightly draped gown of green velvet the only trimming is a great corcade with falling ends, of plaited green taff.

Lady Doucester leaned carefully back in her chair and her eyes searched Theed's with intensity. She measured her words.

"Is it necessary that any one else should know the true state of affairs?"

"Strange that you should say that, dear Lady Doucester," said Theed. "For that idea had occurred to me."

Their gaze still held.

"I suppose there are practical difficulties in the way of a complete suppression of the facts. But—"

"There are many most practical difficulties in the way," said Theed. "There is, for instance, the question of Jarroman's real daughter. She is a girl in an hum-

ble state of life, and I am bound to say it could not be in her own best interests for her to come to sudden wealth. Comfort—yes. The provision of every necessary and a few pleasures—by all means! But riches—twenty thousand a year! Believe me, dear Lady Doucester, it would be nothing but a curse to the young woman. If I were given a free hand I would make a gradual and mutually equitable adjustment—by which no one would suffer.

"If poor Jarroman were to recover, I feel sure that he would say we had done the best possible thing, that we had carried out what he would really have wished had he —"

"There are limits," she said half to herself. And then: "What do you want me to do?"

"You will know better than I," said Theed. "You will know how to use your sweet, womanly influence to protect him from jarring contact with the outside world."

"My help?" she echoed.

"I am in a moral quandary," Theed's voice was almost tremulous. "Jarroman gave me his instructions in the heat of the moment. The poor fellow was then stricken—he is helpless as an inarticulate babe, Lady Doucester. He has no chance to revise or modify what might well have been a hasty decision.

"I am torn between my duty as a solicitor of literal obedience to my client—and my wider duty as a humane man. I am thinking less of Mrs. Stranack than of Jarroman himself. Is it fair to him—is it right, that I should precipitate this terrible scandal, with all its attendant misery, when at this moment his dearest wish may be to rescind his own orders? He may die before ever he recovers the power of speech. I cannot bear to think he would die in the act of causing pain to others.

"As yet," he added slowly, just as Lady Doucester's endurance was giving way, "to the best of my belief no one but myself and you know the true state of affairs."

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